Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, and with a thought ſeven of the eleven I paid.

Pr. O monſtrous leleven buckrom-men growne our of two?

Fa. But as the divel would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let drive at me; for it was ſo darke, *Hall*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, opē, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Falſ What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall*-greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell us your reaſon. What ſayſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon, *Iacke*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, upon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

Prin I'le be no longer guilty of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Falſ. Zblood you ſtarueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you taylors-yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Pr Well, breathe a while, and then toit againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Pri. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them & were maſters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from prize, and have it, yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & ſtill run & roare, as ever I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlave art thou to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight? what tricke? what device? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant ſhame?

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as he that made yee. Why heare you maſters, was it for me, to kill the Heire apparant? ſhould I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Falſ. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter Hoſteſſe*

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

Prin How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore, would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from your father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Falſ. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his Bed at mid-night? Shall I give him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iacke*.

Fal. Fayth, and i'le ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: by lady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away upon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.